MATCHLESS GEMS OF STIRRING SONG.

EDITED BY
REV. W. B. AFFLECK.

ADAM MILLER & Co
TORONTO. 1877

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MATCHLESS GEMS OF STIRRING SONG,

FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL GATHERINGS, SCHOOLS,

CONVENTIONS, AND CAMP MEETINGS.

EDITED BY REV. W. B. AFFLECK.

"Though life's changes tear us from kindred and home,
And the wild ocean bear us in far lands to roam,
E'en o'er the proud waters we'll nobly decide
That TEMPERANCE shall guard us, RELIGION shall guide."

TORONTO:
ADAM MILLER & CO., 11 WELLINGTON STREET WEST.

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PREFACE.

AMONG our earliest recollections of Public Meeting attractions and successes are associated fine, hearty, and soul-stirring Temperance song, with its fascinating influence on the congregation's mind and heart.

Many of the melodies first used in our campaigning prematurely passed from serviceable use, and veteran standard bearers often enquired for the grand old songs which gave them inspiration in days and conflicts never to be forgotten.

We have sought out those STIRRING SONGS and, with many MATCHLESS GEMS of modern production, herein publish them, in hope that they will hasten the desired day of Universal Prohibition and Piety.

While this book claims to be Peerless for use in Public and Social Meetings, and the Home Circle, it will also be found a valuable auxiliary in Sunday Schools and other kindred institutions for the educating, protecting and saving of our hopeful youth.

Contributions, in Words and Music, have been secured for this book from some of the most talented and popular composers, whose names are fragrant the wide world over; and, while we sincerely thank them, we also pray for God's blessing upon their beautiful productions, that solace may be carried to thousands of hearts that now ache and bleed because of sorrow and sin, chiefly drink-caused.

Thanking God that a better day is coming, we send forth this little song-messenger to accelerate its dawning.

W. B. AFFLECK

TORONTO, *June*, 1877.

M'LEISH & CO., MUSIC PRINTERS, TORONTO.

INDEX.

A Glorious Day - - - - - - - - 1
Affleck - - - - - - - - - - - 3
A Lift on the Way - - - - - - 4
A Home in Heaven - - - - - - 19
A Land without a Storm - - - - 46
Almost Home - - - - - - - - 48
Angry Words - - - - - - - - 50
Ashtabula - - - - - - - - - 54
Angels are Waiting - - - - - 70
All Hail our Temperance Laws - - 80

Excelsior - - - - - - - - - - 7
Every Day and Every Hour - - 33

Forgive and Forget - - - - - - 13

Gathering Home - - - - - - - 24
Go Bury thy Sorrow - - - - - 43

How can I Keep from Singing? - 21
Home of the Soul - - - - - - 36
How Pleasant thus to Meet - - 59

I Love it, my Own Fireside - - 14
If I were a Voice - - - - - - 42

Joy and Love - - - - - - - - 11
John Bull - - - - - - - - - - 20

Jewels - - - - - - - - - - - 35

Keep to the Right, Boys - - - - 49
Kind Words can Never Die - - - 55
King Alcohol - - - - - - - - 60

Lillie - - - - - - - - - - - 2
Love at Home - - - - - - - - 9
Let us Speak Well of our Brother - 28
Let the Lower Lights be Burning - 32
Lillie of the Snowstorm - - - - 72

May Every Year - - - - - - - 63
My Native Land - - - - - - - 66

Nellie Bly - - - - - - - - - 10
No one Cares for me - - - - - 68
Nail it Down - - - - - - - - 76

Only an Armour-bearer - - - - 34
Open the Door for the Children - - 40
Onward, Still Onward - - - - 56
Out of the Mire - - - - - - - 61
Oh, the Happy Time is Coming - - 78

Rescue the Perishing - - - - - 25
Ring out the Old, Ring in the New 35

Show me Thy Way - - - - - - 8
Sweet By-and-By - - - - - - 52
Scatter Seeds of Kindness - - 57

The Blithesome Bairn - - - - - 6
The Drunkard's Wife - - - - 11
The Real Staunch Teetotaler - - 15
The Faithful Sentinel - - - - 16
The Temperance Tree - - - - - 17
The Bridal Feast - - - - - - 18
The Drunkard's Raggit Wean - - 22
The Prodigal Child - - - - - 23
The Life Boat - - - - - - - 38
The Dying Child - - - - - - - 51
The Beautiful Vale - - - - - 69
There's a Good Time Coming - - 12
There were Ninety and Nine - - 37
'Tis Well with the Righteous - - 30
True Nobility - - - - - - - - 31
Think of Heaven - - - - - - 65
Throw Down the Bottle - - - 74
Trust Him for Ever - - - - - 79

Where there's a Will there's a Way 41
We shall do it Bye-and-Bye - - - 44

You Must Learn to Say No - - 26
Your Mission - - - - - - - 45

MATCHLESS GEMS.

A GLORIOUS DAY.

Spirited.

f CHORUS. *Arranged specially for this Book*

A glo - rious day shall yet ap - pear, Ye tem-p'rance men cast off your fear :
Proud Bac-chus shall from earth be hurl'd, No more to de - so - late the world.
Why bend be-neath his cru - el sway ? The sa - vage ty - rant's had his day ;
His tot-tering throne is crumb-ling fast, Hur-rah, Hur-rah, his day is past !

Then let us strike the fa - tal blow,
Then let us strike, &c.

And lay the proud op - press-or low ; Strike the blow, Strike the blow, And lay the proud op - press-or low.

3. Let courage nerve your timid souls,
Hark how the little thunder rolls ;
Rush to the charge—the breach is made :
The trumpet calls—be not afraid.
Then let us strike, &c.

4. O, what a glorious day twill be,
When we have gained the victory !
Our spotless flag shall be unfurl'd,
To wave above a sober world.
Then let us strike, &c.

Words by Rev. J. Compston.

LILLIE.

Music by T. Jones, Hyde.

Grave, pp

1. Lov'd and cher - ish'd Lil - lie, Thou art gone to heav-en, And to thee is giv - en
2. Glad - ly now we treas - ure Ev' - ry re - col - lec-tion Of thy fond af - fec-tion

Forti

Per - fect peace and rest. Je - sus loved and call'd thee, And to him re - ply - ing,
For the dear ones gone. Scarce - ly could an - oth - er Soothe a suffer - ing - mo - ther,

Forti

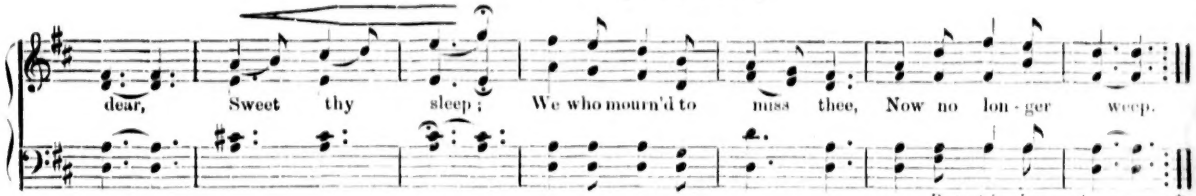
Pia,

CHORUS. *mf*

Gent - ly, sweet - ly dy - ing, Thou didst join the blest. Lil - lie dear, Lil - lie
Or a droop - ing bro - ther, As thy love hath done.

Pia.

LILLIE. (*Concluded.*)



Repeat in chorus pia., very soft.

3. Fondly we remember
How, whilst young and tender,
Thou didst make surrender
Of thy heart to God.

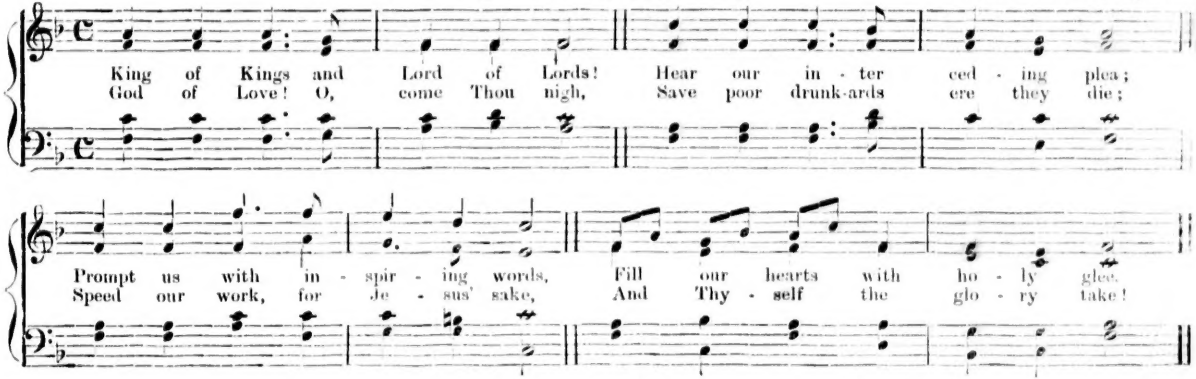
Since that sweet deciding,
Christ hath still been guiding,
And for thee providing
Every needful good.—*Chorus.*

4. Now thy journey's ended,
For thou hast ascended,
And hast sweetly blended
With the good and blest

In that gentle sleeping,
God thy soul was keeping,
And (while thou wert sleeping)
Call thee to His rest. *Chorus.*

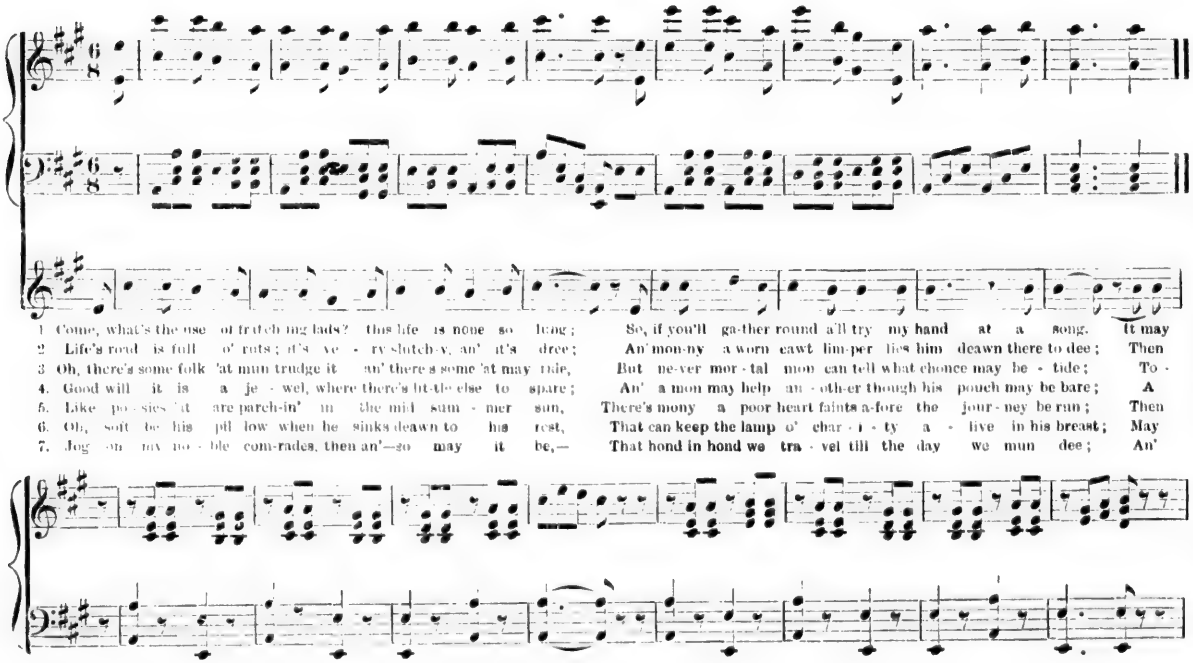
AFFLECK. 4-7s.

THOMAS P. JONES, Hyde.

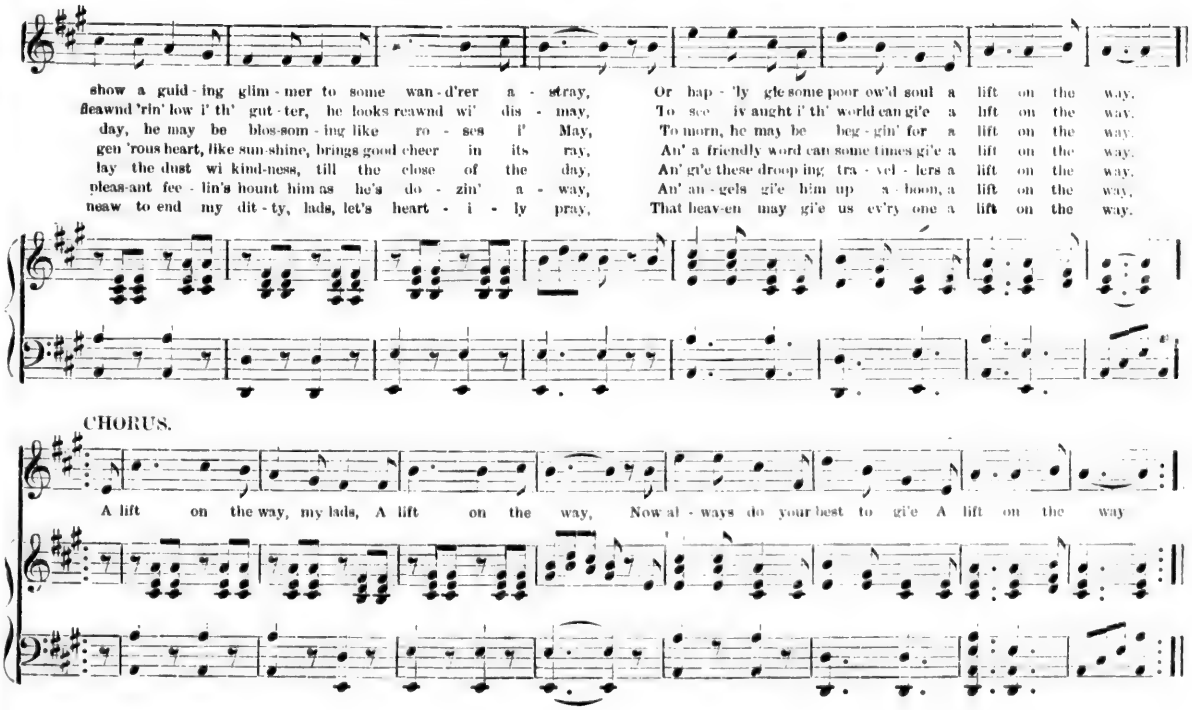


A LIFT ON THE WAY.

(From "TEMPERANCE LIGHTHOUSE.") Words by E. WAUGH.



A LIFT ON THE WAY. (*Concluded.*)



THE BLITHESOME BAIRN.

Lively. *Arranged specially for this Book.*

1. Oh, blithely sings the merry heart, that kens nae canker'd care, An' lowes wi' love, and loups wi' joy, when sorrow bides nae there
2. Oh, weel the bairnie may be blithe, he was-na aye sae braw, He had - na aye that co - sie hap to keep him frae the snaw

Sae see yon bonnie bairn, wi' his bon - nie sun - ny broo, And hear how blythe he lilts the sang, we're a' tee-tot - 'lers noo.
An' noo when he gaes hame, oh his co - gie's aye sae fou— Oh he weel may laugh, an' loup an' sing, we're a' tee-tot - 'lers noo.

CHORUS.

Oh ! we're a' tee-tot-'lers noo—syne we're a' tee-tot-'lers noo ; As he lilts an' dan-ces doun the lane–we're a' tee-tot-'lers noo.

3 Oh, his faither ance spent a' his gear, and mind't na wife an' bairns,
But noo they're a' baith blithe an' bein, for they get a' he earns.
There's a hap for ilka bairn, an' a spoon for ilka mou' ;
Nae wun'er that wee la ldie sings, we're a' teetot'lers noo.

Oh ! we're a' teetot'lers noo, &c.

4 Come ye who scoff an' sneer at us, an' think ye're no to blame,
Gae look on that wee blithesome bairn, an' gan ye to his hame ;
Then come and join our cause, an' I'm sure ye'll never rue,
If ye mak' some drunkard's bairnie sing—we're a' teetot'lers noo.
Oh ! we're a' teetot'lers noo ; oh ! we're a, teetot'lers noo—
If you mak' some drunkard's bairnie sing we're a' teetot'lers noo.

EXCELSIOR.

Arranged specially for this Book.

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, As through an Al - pine vil - lage pass'd, A youth who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with this strange de - vice— Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Flash'd like a fal - chion from its sheath, And like a sil - ver clar - ion rung The ac - cents of that well known tongue— Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

3. "Try not the pass," the old man said, "Dark low'rs the tem - pest o - ver - head, The roar - ing tor - rent's deep and wide," But loud that clar - ion voice re - plied— Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or! Ex - cel - si - or!

"O, stay," the maiden said "and rest"
Thy weary head upon this breast,"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh—
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine tree's withered branch,
Beware the awful av lanche."
This was the peasant's last good night.
A voice replied far up the height—
Excelsior!

A traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior!

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay,
And from the sky serene and fair,
A voice fell like a falling star—
Excelsior!

Copyrighted.

SHOW ME THY WAY.

1871. (Ex. 33, 13.) Words and Music by JAS. LAWSON, Mallorytown, O.

Suppliantly.

1. O, show me now thy way! My way is dark, I can - not see, O, for a ray of light from Thee! Sav - iour, dis-pense a cheer - ing ray, And show me now Thy way.
2. O, show me now thy way! Dark clouds are ris - ing, and I fear As I be - hold them draw - ing near; O, Sav - iour, drive the clouds a way, And show me now Thy way.

3. O, show me now Thy way!
Huge enemies beset me round,
I daily walk on hostile ground;
O, drive the monsters fierce away,
And show me now Thy way.

4. O, show me now Thy way!
My falt'ring steps are slow and weak,
Thy help, O Lord, I fain would seek;
Be Thou my strong support and stay,
And show me now Thy way.

5. O, show me now Thy way!
Help me my duty to fulfil,
To know and do Thy gracious will,
And grant that I may never stray,
Or wander from Thy way.

(*Copyrighted.*)

LOVE AT HOME.

1. There is beau-ty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev-'ry sound, When there's love at home.
2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er an-noy, When there's love at home.
3. Kind-ly heav-en smiles a-bove, When there's love at home; All the earth is filled with love, When there's love at home.

Peace and plen-ty here abide, Smil-ing sweet on ev-'ry side. Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
Ro-ses blos-som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a garden sweet, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.
Sweet-er sings the brook-let by, Brighter beams the a-zure sky; Oh! there's One who smiles on high, When there's love at home.

Love at home, Love at home; Time doth soft-ly, sweet-ly glide, When there's love at home.

NELLIE BLY.

AMERICAN. ANON.

1 Sweet - ly sang lit - tle Nell, In her cot - tage home; As she sang, a smile o'er-spread Cheeks of ro - sy bloom.
Sim - ple song! it was one She could un - der - stand; And the lit - tle maid went forth, Pitch - er in her hand.

CHORUS.

O, wa - ter! Bright wa - ter! Boun - ti - ful and free, Pur - er than the sweet - est nec - tar, Is the drink for me.

2. "Ale's a foe—fills with woe
Many a lowly cot;
Those who love it do not know
Our most happy lot."
As she sang still her song,
Soon she reached a rill,
Kneeled the daisied grass among,
There her jug to fill.—O, water, &c.

3 Near the stream a care-worn man
Had laid him down to rest;
Many a weary sigh ascended
From his aching breast.
He to vile drunkenness
Was a wretched slave,
Well he knew his course must lead
To ruin and the grave.—O, water, &c.

4. And he heard every word,
Sung so sweetly still,
As she tarried for the pitcher
At the sparkling rill.
Then he said to the maid,
Singing in her glee,
"O that water, precious water
Had sufficed for me!"—O, water, &c.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

Moderato.

ARRANGED SPECIALLY FOR THIS BOOK.

Soft - ly the drunkard's wife breathes forth her pray'r, Sad - ly her bo - som heaves, wild with des - pair; Say - ing "For
He with the re - vel - lers mer - ri - ly sung, Wild - ly he raised his voice mad - ly in song; She in a

Rit.

thee I pine, mourning a-lone—Wan-der - er, wan-der - er, come to thy home."
mourn-ing one blend-ed her tone—"Wan-der-er, wan-der - er, come to thy home."

Hark! 'tis her husband's voice rings in her ear!
See how the up-turn'd eye melts with the tear!
"Wife of my bosom! see, here I am come,
Come, like a wanderer, back to my home."

Brightly the drunkard's home shines in the ray
Sweetly the drunkard's wife smileth to-day;
Drunkard no longer, her husband is come.
Happiness, happiness brightens their home.

JOY AND LOVE.

Joy and love onward move
In our social band,
And like two guardian angels bless
Our progress through the land,
Wine shall not inflame our blood
Nor brandy fire our brain,
Yet we have blithe and merry hearts
And love the joyous strain.

Cheer away, cheer away,
Join the choral glee,
I'll sing for you, I'll play for you,
A Temp'rance Melody.

Fathers laugh, mothers quaff
Right good cups of tea,
Their children too are joined with them,
Long may they happy be:
Scenes like these are truly good,
Wherever they are found;
May Britain's towns and villages
All, all with such abound.—*Chorus.*

Ladies kind, you will find,
Well we wish to you,
The Temperance men have hearts to feel,
Which beat both warm and true.

'Tis for you we undertake
Blessings to provide,
You'll think of us when your good men
Are singing by your side.—*Chorus.*

Blithely all hear our call,
Join our ranks to-day;
Much will gain and nothing lose,
By casting drink away.
Children yet unborn may bless
Your self-denying choice,
Through many happy years to come,
Singing with heart and voice.—*Chorus.*

Tune "NELLIE BLY," page 10.

REV. J. HOLMES.

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING.

Allegro Moderato. ARRANGED SPECIALLY FOR THIS BOOK.

mf

1. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com-ing; We may not live to see the day, But earth shall
2. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com-ing; The pen shall su - per-sede the sword, And right, not
3. There's a good time com-ing, boys, A good time com-ing; War in all men's eyes shall be A mons - ter

glis - ten in the ray Of the good time com-ing: Can - non balls may aid the truth, But thought's a weapon stronger; We'll
might, shall be the lord, In the good time com-ing. Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind, And be acknowledg'd stronger, The
of in - i - qui - ty In the good time com-ing. Na-tions shall not quarrel then, To prove which is the stronger, Nor

f CHORUS.

win our battle by its aid;—Wait a lit - tle lon-ger. There's a good time coming, boys, A good time coming; There's a
pro-per impulse has been giv'n;-Wait a lit - tle lon-ger.
slaughter men for glory's sake;—Wait a lit - tle lon-ger.

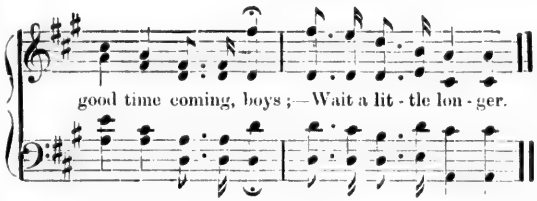
f

earth shall
l right, not
mons - ter

stronger; We'll
stronger, The
tronger, Nor

ng; There's a

THERE'S A GOOD TIME COMING. (*Concluded.*)



4 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And charity shall trim her lamp ; —
Wait a little longer.

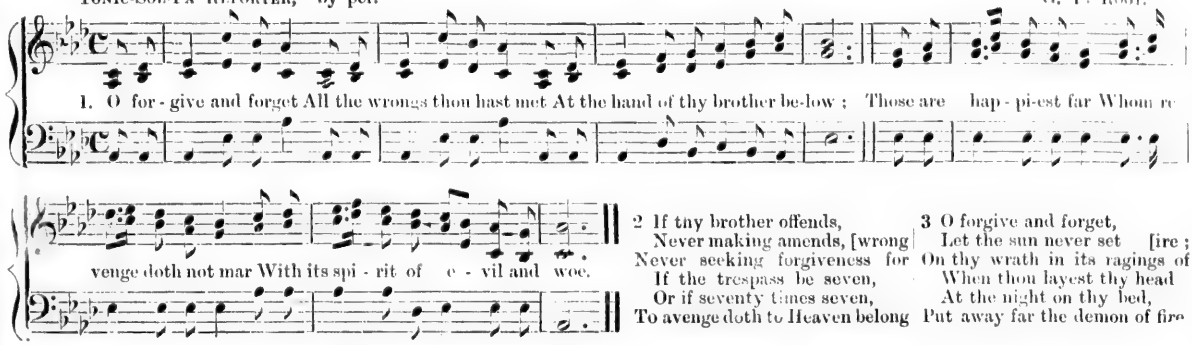
5 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming ;
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming :
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he the more he has ;
Wait a little longer.

6 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Little children shall not toil,
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming :
But shall play in healthful fields,
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And every one shall read and write ;—
Wait a little longer.

7 There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Let us aid it all we can,
Every woman, every man,
The good time coming :
Smallest helps, if rightly given,
Make the impulse stronger ;
'Twill be strong enough in time ; —
Wait a little longer.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

"TONIC-SOL-FA REPORTER," by per. G. F. ROOT.



2 If thy brother offends,
Never making amends, [wrong
Never seeking forgiveness for
If the trespass be seven,
Or if seventy times seven,
To avenge doth to Heaven belong

3 O forgive and forget,
Let the sun never set [ire ;
On thy wrath in its ragings of
When thou layest thy head
At the night on thy bed,
Put away far the demon of fire

I LOVE IT, MY OWN FIRESIDE.

Andante. *p* — *Arranged specially for this Book.*

1. I love it! I love it! my own fireside! What place to me hath such charms be-side? The land of promise, the
2. I left it, and man-y a long sad day I wander'd my cheerless, and wea-ry way,—Hope had van - ish'd.
3. But now I love it, my own fireside! What place to me hath such charms be-side? Home o' he hap-py, a'l

shrine of love, A type on earth of my home a - bove! O! dear to me is its love - ly ray, At the
joys were gone,–Friends, they had left me one by one; Some - times a tear from the fount would start, And be-
joy is there;--Let the world rave loud with grief or care; O! not in the tap-room's mur - ky gleam Is the

f

close of a long and wea-ry day:—What matter to me how the world may glide, If it leaves me the light of my own fire-side?
tray the pangs of a breaking heart; I left it, the home of my peace and pride, And wander'd away from my own fire-side.
beau-teous light of its beam-ing seen; For she sits there, its joy and its pride, My wife, by the glow of my own fire-side.

NOTE.—The words being very defective in metre, the singer will have to suit them to the Music.

THE REAL STAUNCH TEETOTALER.

Moderato. *Air*—"The Fine Old English Gentleman." *Arranged specially for this Book.*

1. I'll sing you a new Temp'rance song, made by a Temp'rance pate, Of a real staunch Tee-to - tal - er, who had a good es - tate, Who kept up his neat man-sion at a good Tee - to - tal rate, With a nice lit-tle Tee - to - tal wife, to ren - der sweet the state Of this real staunch Tee - to - ta - ler, one of the pre-sent time.

2. His house, so neat, was hung a-round with pic-tures fine to view, And rich and beauteous fur - ni - ture was rang'd a - round all new; And here at night, when toil was o'er, he'd seat him in his pride, And quaff his cup of cof-fee, with his part - ner by his side, Like a real staunch Tee - to - ta - ler, one of the pre-sent time.

3 When winter, with its frost and snow, threw darkness o'er the scene,
He felt how happy he was then to what he once had been;
And if he heard the orphan's cry, the cravings of the poor,
He gave as much as he could spare—he could not well give more,
This real staunch, &c.

4 He used to beat his weeping wife, and spend his hard-earn'd gains
In buying whisky, ale and wine, to stupify his brains;
His coat was out at elbows, and his hat without a crown,—
In short he was a common pest, the nuisance of the town,
Before he turned Teetotaler, &c.

5 But now so happy is his home, so nicely is he dress'd,
He ne'er ill-treats his little wife, but clasps her to his breast;
And if a tear rise in her eye, it is for joy that he
Has crushed the drunkard's appetite, and turned out thus to be
A real staunch Teetotaler, &c.

6 Now surely this is better far than brandy, ale or wine,
And if you wish for happiness, I pray you come and join;
For I can prove that abstinence has done great things for me,
For once I loved a little drop, but now I am, you see,
A real staunch Teetotaler &c.

THE FAITHFUL SENTINEL.

Composed for this Book, March, 1877.

Music by J. LAWSON, Mallorytown, Ont.

1. A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He hast - ed, the her - ald of mer - cy and truth;
2. The strang - er's eye wept that in life's bright - est bloom, One gift - ed so high - ly should sink to the tomb;

For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost: Soon, a - las! was his fall, But he died at his post.
For in ar - dour he led in the van of his host, And he fell like a sol - dier, he died at his post.

He died at his post, He died at his post; Soon, a - las! was his fall, But he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done;
The battle was fought and the victory won;
But he whispered to those whom his heart loved the most,
"Tell my brethren for me, that I died at my post."
"I died at my post," &c.

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse:
But he asked as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.
He died at his post, &c.

5 Victorious his fall—for he'll rise where he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He will pass o'er the sea, he will reach the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.
He died at his post, &c.

6 And can we the words of our brother forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so sacred shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.
We'll die at our post, &c.

THE TEMPERANCE TREE.

Allegretto. *Arranged specially for this Book.*

1. A thriving plant is the Temperance Tree, That spreadeth its branches wide! Long may it hale and flourishing be, Though
2. Thousands are gathered beneath its shade, And dai - ly their voices ring, With heartfelt thanks for the glad homes made, The
3. 'Twas plant-ed by Reason, on Virtue's soil, By tears of pen - i - tence fed; Kind Heav'n hath smil'd on the work of toil, And

hea - vi-est storms be - tide! Though years roll o - ver, re - lent - less time Shall work no slow de - cay: Un -
joys which from Temperance spring. Though foes en-dea-vour its growth to stay, Their efforts shall fruitless prove: Still
gen - i - al sunbeams shed; Its growth is spreading o'er land and sea, And ev - ery for - eign clime Shall

harm'd, up - lift-ing its head sub-lime, And welcome as flow'rs in May. Fruit - ful, vi - gor-ous, fade - less, free, A
blooming 'mid storms shall its branches play, While cherish'd by virtue and love. Fruit - ful, &c.
taste the fruits of the Temperance Tree, The tree that de - fies old Time: Fruit - ful, &c.

CHORUS.

thriv-ing plant is the Tem - per-ance Tree. Fruit - ful, vi - gor-ous, fadeless, free, A thriv-ing plant is the Temperance Tree.

THE BRIDAL FEAST.

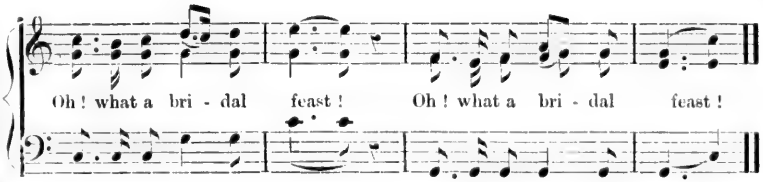
Moderato. *Air*—"The Mistletoe Bough." *Arranged specially for this Book.*

1. The ban - ners blaze in the fes - tive hall, And flow-ers are wreathing both window and wall; And the tenants in garments
2. The ta - ble is clear'd and the wine ap-pears, And each to the bride a full bum-per clears, While with a blithe and
3. At length the long night begins to de - cline, And a bumper is filled of the strongest wine; A poltroon is he who drains

new and gay, Are met in the hall on this fes - tive day. The land-lord be-holds with a fa-ther's pride, His beau - ti-ful daugh
joy - ous heart, All the fair maids from the hall de - part. O! now are the sports of the day be-gun, Now there is drinking,
not the whole, The last lingering drop of the well-filled bowl! The bridegroom, though he can scarcely stand, Seizes the glass with

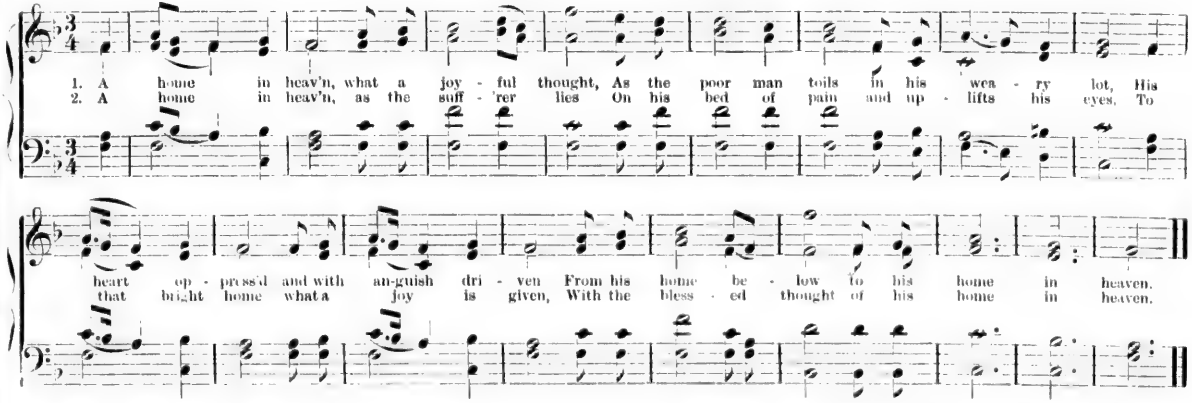
ter this day a bride: While her sparkling eyes, and her brow so fair, Pro-claim her the love - li-est mai - den there.
and laugh-ter and fun, And toasts are repeated and many a gay song Is heard with de-light by that jo - vial throng.
a frenzied hand. And, drinking long life to his love - ly bride, He falls down a corpse by her fa - ther's side.

THE BRIDAL FEAST.—(*Concluded.*)



4 He sleeps not alone in his early grave,—
The fair bride sleeps with the bridegroom brave;
She beheld his fate with many a tear,
And her young heart broke on her husband's bier
O! sad was their fate; but, destructive wine!
No tongue can recount what evils are thine -
Thou hurriest off, in their joy and their bloom,
The maiden and youth to their early tomb.
O! what a bridal feast!

A HOME IN HEAVEN.



3 A home in heaven, when our pleasures fade.
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid,
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven, when the faint heart bleeds,
By the spirit's stroke for its evil deeds,
Oh then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 Our home in heaven, oh the glorious home,
And the spirit joined with the bride says "come,"
Come seek his face, and your sin forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

JOHN BULL.

Air—"Yankee Doodle." W. TALBOT.

Fine.

1. No doubt you've heard of old John Bull, That marvel of creation; His fame has spread through all the world, He owns the British nation
Cho.-Wake up, John Bull, come look around, And in the race be handy; For very fast you're losing ground, All through your beer and brandy

D.C.

But John's fine qualities are spoil'd By an-tiquat-ed notions, His friends all fear he'll kill himself Thro' drinking deadly potions.

2 John takes his draughts at early morn,
And when to bed retiring,
He says it warms him when he's cold,
And cools him when perspiring.
O'er pipe and pot he wastes his time,
Then can it be surprising,
If from his high estate he falls,
When others fast are rising.—*Chorus.*

3 Our state physicians all have tried
To cure him of his failing,
But all their notions are in vain,
For still we find him ailing.
His neighbours oft allude to him
And his intoxication,
But John declares they all are wrong,
He calls it moderation.—*Chorus.*

4 Now we are here to tell John Bull,
And every son and daughter,
There's health, and wealth, and happiness,
From drinking sparkling water.
So if you all unite with us,
And aid our reformation,
We'll cure this stupid old John Bull,
And bless the British nation.—*Chorus.*

HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

1. My life flows on in end-less song; A - bove earth's la - men - ta - tion. I catch the sweet though
2. What though my joys and com-fort die? The Lord, my Sa - viour, liv - eth; What though the dark - ness
3. I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it; And day by day this

far - off hymn That hails a new cre - a - tion. Through all the tu - mult and the strife, I
ga - ther round? Songs in the night He giv - eth. No storm can shake my in - most calm, While
path-way smooths, Since first I learned to love it. The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A

hear the mu - sic ring - ing; It finds an e - cho in my soul—How can I keep from sing - ing?
to that ref - uge cling - ing; Since Christ is Lord of heav-n and earth, How can I keep from sing - ing?
foun - tain ev - er spring-ing; All things are mine since I am His—How can I keep from sing - ing?

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.

Arranged specially for this Book.

1 A wee bit raggit lad-die gangs wan'rin through the street, Wad-in' 'mang the snaw wi' his wee hackit feet,
2. Oh, see the wee bit bairnie, his heart is un - co fou, The sleet 's blawin' cauld, and he's droukit through and through,
3. Oh, pit - y the wee lad-die, sae guile-less an' sae young, The oath that lea's the fa - ther's lip 'll settle on his tongue;

Shiverin' i' the cauld blast, greetin' wi' the pain; Wha's the puir wee cal-lan? he's a drunkard's rag-git wean. He
He's speerin' for his mither, an' he wun'ers where she's gane, But oh! his mither, she for - gets, her puir wee rag-git wean. He
An' sinful words his mither speaks his infant lips 'ill stain; For oh! there's nane to guide the bairn, the drunkard's raggit wean. Then

stans at il - ka door, an' he keeks wi' wist - fu' e'e, To see the crowd a roun' the fire, a laughin' loud wi' glee. But he
kens nae faither's love, an' he kens nae mither's care, To soothe his wee bit sor - rows, or kame his tautit hair, To kiss
sure - ly we micht try an' turn that sinfu' mither's heart, An' try to get his fai - ther to act a faither's part; An' mak'

THE DRUNKARD'S RAGGIT WEAN.—(*Concluded.*)

daur-na venture ben, though his heart be e'er so fain, For he man-na play wi' i - ther bairns, the drunkard's raggit wean.
him when he wan - kens, or smooth his bed at e'en, An' oh! he fears his fai - ther's face, the drunk ard's rag - git wean.
them tea' the drunk - ard's cup, an' ne-ver taste a - gain, An' cher - ish wi' a par - ent's care, their puir wee rag - git wean.

THE PRODIGAL CHILD.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea - ry at heart, For the way has been dark, And so lone - ly and
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the gate, While the sha - dows are

CHORUS. *rit.*

wild. O pro - di - gal child! Come home, oh, come home. { Come home! Come, oh come home!
piled. O pro - di - gal child! Come home, oh, come home. { Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3. Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled.
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

4. Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there,
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

GATHERING HOME.

MARY LESLIE. W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. They're gath - 'ring homeward from ev' - ry land, One by one, one by one; As their wea - ry feet touch the
2. Be - fore they rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one, one by one; Thro' the wa-ters of death they
3. We, too, shall come to the riv - er side, One by one, one by one; We are near - er its wa - ters
4. Je - sus, Re - deem - er, we look to Thee, One by one, one by one; We lift up our voi - ces
5. Plant thou thy feet be - side as we tread. One by one, one by one; On Thee let us lean each

CHORUS. DU'ET.

shin - ing strand, Yes, one by one; Their brows are en-closed in a gold - en crown, Their tra - vel-stained gar-ments are
en - ter life, Yes, one by one; To some are the floods of the ri - ver still. As they ford on their way to
each even-tide. Yes, one by one; We can hear the noise and the dash - ing stream, Oft now and a - gain thro' our
tremb - ling - ly, Yes, one by one; The waves of the ri - ver are dark and cold, We know not the place where our
droop - ing head, Yes, one by one; Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined, We shall cast all our fears and

all laid down; And cloth'd in white raiment they rest in the mead, Where the Lamb doth love His saints to lead.
heaven - ly hill; To oth - ers the waves run fierce - ly and wild, Yet they reach the home of the un - de - filed.
life's deep dream; Some-times the dark floods all the banks o - ver - flow, Some - times in rip - ples and small waves go.
feet may hold; O Thou who didst pass through in deep - est mid-night, Now guide us, send us the staff and light.
cares to the wind; Sa - viour! Re - deem - er! with Thee full in view, Smil-ing - ly, glad - some - ly, shall we pass through.

CHORUS.

Gath'ring home, gath'ring home. Ford ing the ri - ver one by one; Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Yes, one by one.

RESCUE THE PERISHING.

1st time.

1 Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the er - ring one, Lift up the fal - len, Tell them of Je - sus, the mighty to save.

2nd time. CHORUS. Rit.

Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
Still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive.
Plead with them earnestly,
Plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

YOU MUST LEARN TO SAY, NO!

1. I've just learnt this that where-'er you go, If you wish to be safe you must learn to say No. If you
2. There's a la - dy comes with a glass, you see; Why, sure - ly, sir, you will drink with me? It's gin -

stam-mer out Yes, they'll both - er you so, They'll per - haps make you drunk be - fore you go. Just try a
ger wine, from the home made bin; And it's got no spirits, for I put none in. Just try a

glass or so, There can be no harm in a glass, you know. And so I've sign'd the Temp'rance pledge, And
glass or so, There can be no harm in a glass, you know. And so I've sign'd the Temp'rance pledge, And

YOU MUST LEARN TO SAY, NO!—(*Concluded.*)

CHORUS.

now where - 'er I go, I tell them I'm a staunch tee - to - tal - er, And al - ways an-swer
now where - 'er I go, I tell them I'm a staunch tee - to - tal - er, And al - ways an-swer

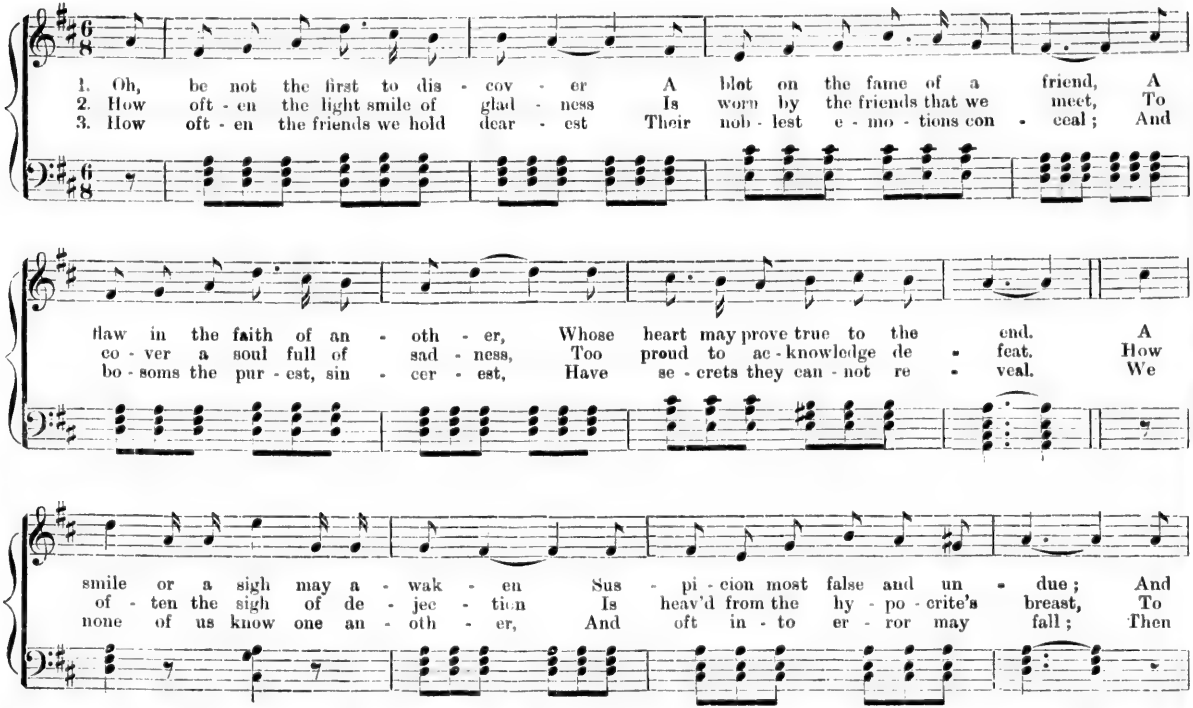
No! I tell them I'm a staunch Tee - to - tal - er, And al - ways an - swer No!
No! I tell them I'm a staunch Tee - to - tal - er, And al - ways an - swer No!

3 Said master to me, the other day,
" You've earned something more than your weekly pay ;
Just step in the kitchen, and there you'll see
A glass of ale for your industry.
Just try a glass or so,
There can be no harm in a glass, you know."
And so I've signed the Temperance pledge,
And now where'er I go,
I tell them I'm a staunch teetotaler,
And always answer No!

4 I like to hear, where'er I go,
A young man's brave, determined No!
A hero's soul must throb below
A heart that can bravely answer No!
Say No, to a glass or so ;
There's every harm in a glass, you know ;
And so we've signed the Temperance pledge,
And now where'er we go,
We tell them we are staunch teetotalers,
And always answer No!

LET US SPEAK WELL OF OUR BROTHER.

H. J. Vail.



CHORUS.

thus our be - lief may be shak - en In hearts that are hon - est and true. We
par - o - dy truth and af - fec - tion, Or lull a sus pi - cion to rest.
let us speak well of our bro - ther, Or speak not a - bout him at all.

none of us know one an - oth - er, And oft in - to er - ror may fall; Then

let us speak well of our bro - ther, Or speak not a - bout him at all.

'TIS WELL WITH THE RIGHTEOUS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. On ev - ry sun - ny moun - tain, In ev - ry gloom - y dell, What - e'er the robe that wraps the heart, 'Tis with the right - eous well.
2. What words of ho - ly com - fort! Their sweet - ness who can tell? With - in the vale and o'er the flood, 'Tis with the right - eous well.

CHORUS.

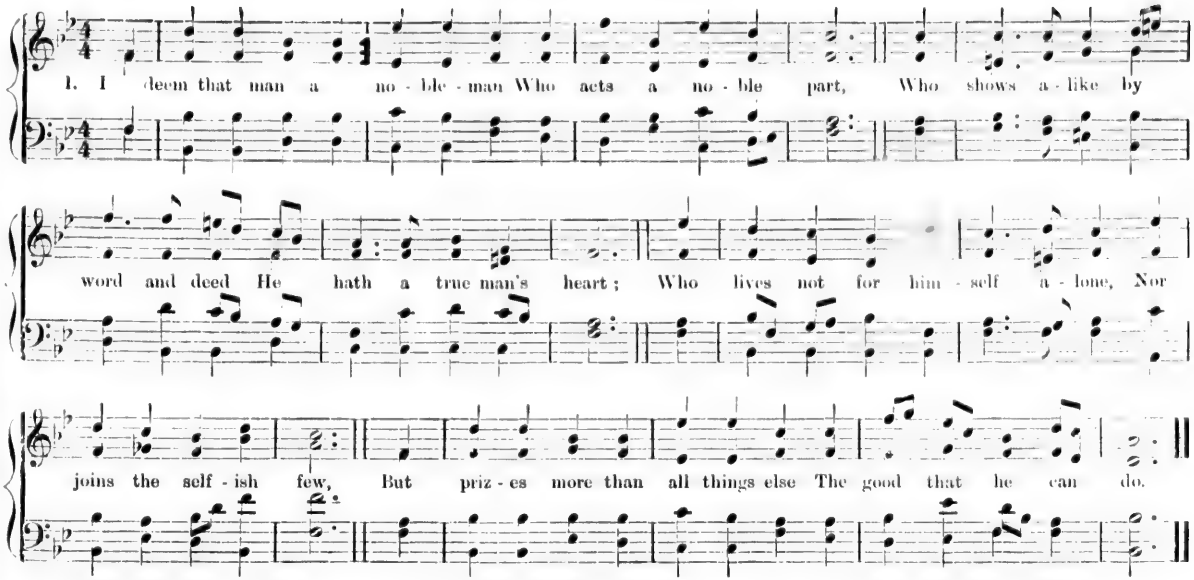
'Tis well, 'tis well, 'tis with the right - eous well: In pleas - ure's light and sor - row's night, 'Tis with the right - eous well, 'Tis with the right - eous well.

1st time. *2nd time.*

3. Though dripping clouds may gather,
And grief the bosom swell,
The trusting heart will ever sing,
'Tis with the righteous well.

4. And when the strife is over,
And hush'd the solemn knell,
Within the gates, around the throne,
'Tis with the righteous well.

'Tis well, 'tis well,



2. I deem that man a nobleman
Who stands up for the right,
And in the work of charity
Finds pleasure and delight;
Who bears the stamp of manliness
Upon his open brow,
And never yet was known to do
An action mean and low.

3. I deem that man a nobleman
Who strives to aid the weak,
And sooner than revenge a wrong,
Would kind forgiveness speak;
Who sees a brother in all men,
From peasant unto king,
Yet could not crush the meanest worm,
Nor harm the weakest thing.

4. I deem that man a nobleman—
Yea, noblest of his kind,
Who shows by moral excellence
His purity of mind;
Who lives alike, through good and ill;
The firm, unflinching man,
Who loves the cause of brotherhood,
And aids it all he can.

LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING.

1. Bright - ly beams our Father's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more, But to us He gives the
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar; Ea - ger eyes are watching,
3. Trim your fee i ble lamp, my bro-ther; Some poor sea - man, tem-pest-tossed, Try - ing now to make the

CHORUS.

keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
har . bour, In the dark - ness may be lost.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a

gleam a - cross the wave! Some poor faint - ing, strug-gling sea - man You may res - cue, you may save.

EVERY DAY AND EVERY HOUR.

From Leeds "TUNES AND WORDS."

1. Sa-viour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee; Let Thy pre - cious blood ap-
2. Through this chang - ing world be - low, Lead me gently, gently, as I go; Trust-ing Thee I can - not
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er; Till my soul is lost in

CHORUS.

plied, Keep me ev-er, ev - er near Thy side.
stray, I can never, nev-er lose my way.
love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.

Ev - 'ry day, Ev - 'ry hour, Let me
Ev - 'ry day and hour, Ev - 'ry day and hour,

feel Thy cleans-ing power; May Thy ten - der love to me, Bind me closer, clo-ser, Lord, to Thee

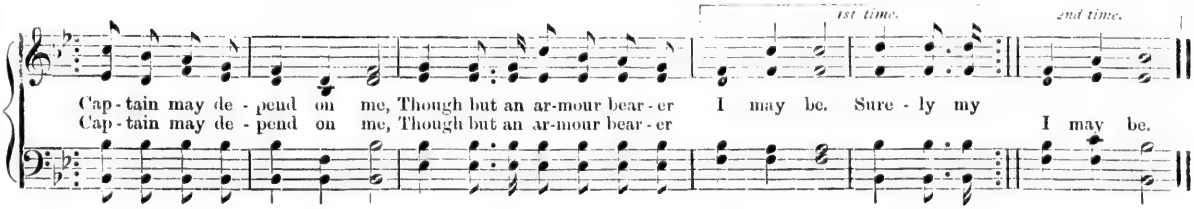
ONLY AN ARMOUR BEARER.

1. On - ly an ar - mour bear - er, firm - ly I stand, Wait - ing to fol - low at the King's com-mand;
2. On - ly an ar - mour bear - er, now in the field, Guard - ing a shin - ing hel - met, sword and shield,
3. On - ly an ar - mour bear - er, yet may I share Glo - ry im - mor - tal, and - a bright crown wear;

March - ing, if "On-ward" shall the or - der be, Stand - ing by my Cap - tain, serv - ing faith - ful - ly.
Wait - ing to hear the thril - ling bat - tle cry, Read - y then to an - swer, "Mas - ter, here am I."
If, in the bat - tle, to my trust I'm true, Mine shall be the hon - ours in the Grand Re - view.

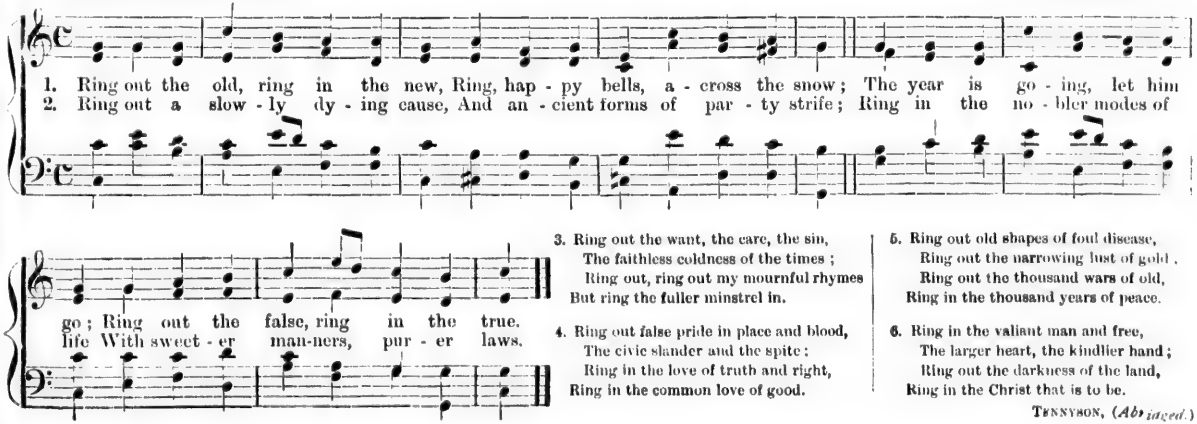
CHORUS.

Hear ye the bat-tle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the falt-'ring ones! back-ward they fall. Sure - ly my



RING OUT THE OLD, RING IN THE NEW.

From "Hymns of Life." Dr. Mainger.



3. Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

4. Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite:
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

5. Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

6. Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Tennyson, (*Abridged.*)

HOME OF THE SOUL.

Miss E. M. Gates. Philip Phillips, by per.

Moderato and affettuoso.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The far a - way home of the soul,
2. O, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams, Its bright jas - per walls I can see,

Where no storms ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter ni - ty
Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the vail in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and

1st time. | 2d, Fine.

D. S.

roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
roll.
me. Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
me.

3. There the great trees of life in their beauty do grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4. That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands:
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

5. O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

THERE WERE NINETY AND NINE.

1. There were nine - ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold. A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep-herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.

2. "Lord, thou hast here Thy nine - ty and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?" But the shepherd made an - swer: "This of Mine Has wandered a - way from Me; And al - though the road be rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed; [through,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

5 And all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

THE LIFE BOAT.—Song and Chorus.

Words by Stella. Music by S. K. Whiting.

1. Far out on the sea of in - temp'rance to-day, Our Life - boat is gal - lant - ly speed-ing a -
2. 'Tis the song of the cold wa - ter crew as they go On their voy - age of love thro' the bil - lows of

Accompaniment for Organ.

way; The rocks darkly frown, and the break - ers dash high, And a shout on the wing of the storm-wind rolls by.
woe! And true woman there cheers the stout heart-ed band, With the bon - nie white flag that floats free from her hand.

CHORUS TO EACH VERSE.

1. We're fear-less and brave, our bro-thers we'll save; For God's at the helm as we ride on the wave! We're
2. While Faith's beacon light by Hope is kept brigl t Their course is still on - ward thro' tem - pest and night! While

fear - less and brave, our bro - thers we'll save, For God's at the helm as we ride on the wave.
Faith's bea - con light by Hope is kept bright, Their course is still on - ward thro' tem - pest and night.

3. There's many a mariner chill'd with despair,
In his storm-driven wreck on the wild waters there;
And in frail sinking barks they are trembling with fear,
Till the song from the Temperance Life-boat they hear.
Cho.—With hearts strong and true, the stormy waves thro',
We're steeringour Life-boat, poor wrecked ones, to you!
With hearts strong and true, the stormy waves thro,'
We're steering our Life-boat, poor wrecked ones, to you!

4. They are saved! and the gallant craft bounds with a will,
O'er the great surging billows that threaten her still;
And list! you will hear, o'er the hurricane's roar,
That most beautiful song sounding out evermore.
Cho.—We're fearless and brave, our brothers we'll save,
For God's at the helm as we ride on the wave!
We're fearless and brave, our brothers we'll save,
For God's at the helm as we ride on the wave!

OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

Larghetto.

Words and Music by LABAN SOLOMON.

1. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, Ten - der - ly ga - ther them in, In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the pla - ces of sin. Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun-gry and cold; O - pen the door for the chil - - dren, And ga - ther them in - to the fold.

2. O - pen the door for the chil - dren, See! they are com - ing in throngs; Bid them sit down to the ban - quet, Teach them your beau-ti-ful songs; Pray you the fa - ther to help them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n; O - pen the door for the chil - - dren, "Of such is the king-dom of heav'n."

3. O - pen the door for the chil - dren; Take them each one by the hand; Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land. Some are so young and so help - less, Some are so hun-gry and cold; O - pen the door for the chil - - dren, And ga - ther them in - to the fold.

Con expressione,

rall. *a tempo.*

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

ELIZA COOK. From "HYMNS OF LIFE." W. HATELY.

1. We've faith in old pro - verbs full sure - ly, For wis - dom has traced what they tell, And Truth may be drawn up as pure - ly From them as it may from "a well." Let's ques - tion the think-ers and do - ers, And hear what they hon - est - ly say, We'll find they be-lieve, like bold woo - ers, In "where there's a will there's a way."

2. The hills have been high for man's mount - ing, The woods have been dense for his axe, The stars have been thick for his count-ing, The sands have been wide for his tracks, The sea has been deep for his div - ing, The poles have been broad for his sway, But brave - ly he's proved in his striv-ing, That "where there's a will there's a way."

3. If pov - er - ty's grip you've to cope with, And suff - 'ring to weigh down your might, Only call up a spir - it to hope with, And dawn may come out of the night. Oh! much may be done by de - fy - ing The ghosts of Des - pair and Dis-may; And much may be gained by re - ly - ing On "where there's a will there's a way."

"IF I WERE A VOICE."—Song, with Echo.

1. If I were a voice, a per - suas - ive voice, That could tra - vel the wide world through, I would
2. I would fly, I would fly o'er land and sea, Where a hu - man heart might be, I would
3. If I were a voice, a con - sol - ing voice, I would fly on the wings of the air, The

fly on the wings of the morn - ing light, And speak to the men with a gen - tle might, And
tell them a tale, or I'd sing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong, And
hous - es of so- - row and guilt I'd seek, And calm and truth - ful words I'd speak, And

f *Echo.*

tell them to be true, And tell them to be true, Be true, *Be true,* And tell them to be
tell them to be good, And tell them to be good. Be good, *Be good,* And tell them to be
whis - per of sweet hope, And whis - per of sweet hope. Sweet hope, *Sweet hope,* And whis - per of sweet

Echo. *Echo for 4th and 5th stanzas.*

true, *Tell them to be true.*
good, *Tell them to be good.* Joy - ful sound, *Joy-ful sound.*
hope, *Whisper of sweet hope.* God is love, *God is love.*

4

If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the whole earth round;
And wherever man with error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The Truth's most joyful sound.
Joyful sound. (*Echo.* Joyful sound.)
The Truth's most joyful sound.
(*Echo.* Truth's most joyful sound.)

I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
And point to the realms above;
I would fly, I would fly over city and town
And drop like a happy sunlight down,
And whisper God is love.
God is love. (*Echo.* God is love.)
And whisper, God is love.
(*Echo.* Whisper, God is love.)

GO BURY THY SORROW.

1st time. *2nd time.*

1. Go bu - ry thy sor - row, } The world hath its share; } Go think of
Go bu - ry it deep - ly; } Go hide it with care:

rit.

it calm - ly, When cur-tain'd by night; Go tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right.

2. Go tell it to Jesus, He knoweth thy grief;
Go tell it to Jesus, He'll send thee relief.
Go gather the sunshine He sheds on the way;
He'll lighten thy burden, Go, weary one, pray.

3. Hearts growing a-weary With heavier woe,
Now droop 'mid the darkness—Go comfort them, go!
Go bury thy sorrows, Let others be blest;
Go give them the sunshine,—Tell Jesus the rest.

WE SHALL DO IT BYE AND BYE.

REV. C. GARRETT.

1. There's a glo - rious work be - fore us, A work both great and grand; Ev - 'ry man at once should join us, And help with heart and hand.
2. There are homes now full of sad - ness, Whence peace and love are flown; We must fill those homes with glad - ness, And make the Sav - iour known.
3. There are drink-bound slaves a - round us, Who writhe in help - less woe; We must snap the bonds that bind them, And lay the ty - rant low.
4. There are wives and mo - ther's weep - ing, Whose hearts are cold and sad; We must give them joy - ous greet - ing, And bid them yet be glad.

CHORUS. *f* — *Bold ff*

We shall do it, We shall do it, We shall do it bye and bye, We shall do it, we shall do it, We shall do it bye and bye.

f — *p* — *ff*

p Arranged by Mrs. Parkhurst. Composed by S. M. Grannis.

1. If you can-not on the o-cean Sail a-mong the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the high-est bil-low, Laughing at the storms you meet; You can stand among the sail-ors, Anchor'd yet with-in the bay, You can lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats away, As they launch their boats away.

2. If you are too weak to journey Up the moun-tain steep and high; You can stand within the valley, While the mul-ti-tudes go by; You can chant in hap-py measure, As they slow-ly pass a-long, Though they may for-get the sin-ger, They will not for-get the song, They will not for-get the song.

3. If you have not gold and sil-ver Ev-er rea-dy to command; If you can-not t'ward the needy, Reach an ev-er o-pen hand; You can vis-it the af-flict-ed, O'er the er-ring you can weep, You can be a true dis-ci-ple, Sit-ting at the Saviour's feet, Sit-ting at the Saviour's feet.

rit. *pp* *rit.*

4 If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do;
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

5 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,
For some greater work to do;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it any where.

By permission of S. Brainard & Co., Publishers, Cleveland, Ohio.

A LAND WITHOUT A STORM.

(DIALOGUE.)

SOLO. 1st Voice. 2nd Voice.

1. Trav'ler, whi - ther art thou go - ing, Heed-less of the clouds that form? Nought to me the winds rough
2. Trav'ler, art thou here a stran - ger, Not to fear the tempest's pow'r? I have not a thought of

Accompt. *mp*

blow - ing, Mine's a land with-out a storm; And I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that
dan - ger, Tho' the sky more dark-ly low'r, For I'm go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing, To that

ral. e cres. *tempo p*

land that has no storm; I am go - ing, yes, I'm go - ing To that land that has no storm.

f ral. e cres. *tempo p*

FULL CHORUS—FOUR VOICES.

We are go - ing, yes, we're go - ing; Soon the glo - rious day will dawn; We are go - ing, yes we're

go - ing, To the land with - out a storm.

3. *1st V.*—Trav'ler, now a moment linger,
Soon the darkness will be o'er:
2nd V.—No! I see a beck'ning finger,
Guiding to a far-off shore;
And I'm going, &c.

4. *1st V.*—Trav'ler, yonder narrow portal
Opens to receive thy form:
2nd V.—Yes! and I shall be immortal
In that land without a storm;
And I'm going, &c.

ALMOST HOME.

From LEEDS "TUNES AND WORDS."

1. Al - most an-chor'd ! Life's rough journey, Short - ly now will all be o'er ; Un - seen hands the sails are
2. Al - most there ! Tho' storms may ga - ther, And the clouds grow dark a - bove, Bright - ly shin - ing thro' the
3. Bro-thers, look ! I see the ha - ven Where I soon shall calm - ly rest ; And no wave of care doth

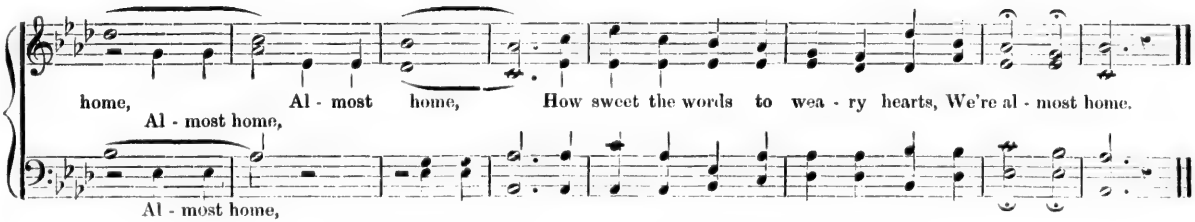
furl - ing ; Soon I'll reach the heav'n - ly shore. Al - most home ! How sweet it sound - eth To the heart that's
break-ings, Beams my dy - ing Sav-iour's love. Ev - 'ry mo - ment, as it pas - seth, On - ly leaves one
rip - ple O'er its smooth and peace - ful breast. To that port my ves - sel tend - eth ; On life's sea no

CHORUS.

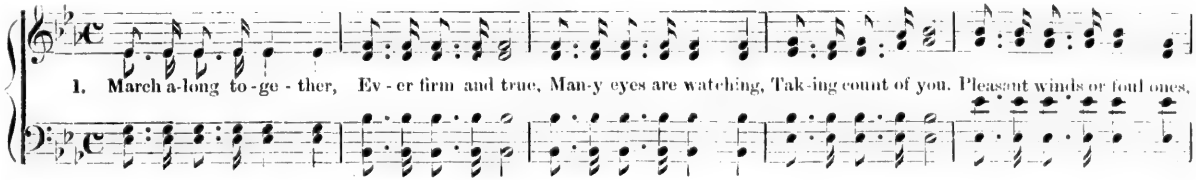
worn with care ! For it know - eth pain and sor - row Ne - ver more shall cross it there
less to come ; Ev - 'ry wave that round it dash-eth, On - ly bears me near - er home.
more I'll roam ; An - gels bright are all a - round me, Fare-thee - well ? I'm al - most home.

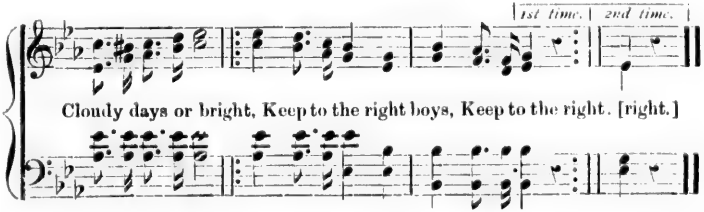
Al - most

ALMOST HOME.—*Concluded.*



KEEP TO THE RIGHT, BOYS.





2. Raise on high your banner,
That its folds may fly
Like the wings of eagle,
Sweeping to the sky.
If you wish to conquer
Every foe you fight,
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

3. Of your heavenly Father
Strength and courage seek;
Swords are to no purpose,
If the heart be weak.
Every arm endowing
With a warrior's might;
Keep to the right, boys,
Keep to the right.

4. *Love* should be your motto,
Duty be your aim;
Ever overcoming,
Till a crown you claim.
For a fame undying,
Strive with all your might,
Keep to the right, boys.
Keep to the right.

ANGRY WORDS.

From "Hymns of Life."

1. An - gry words are light - ly spo-ken, In a rash and thoughtless hour; Bright - est links of life are bro - ken By their deep, in - sid - uous pow'r. Hearts in - spired by warm - est feel - ing, Ne'er be - fore by an - ger stirr'd, Oft are rest past hu - man heal - ing, By a sin - gle an - gry word.
2. Poi - son - drops of care and sor-row, Bit - ter poi - son drops are they, Weav - ing for the com - ing mor - row, Sad - dest mem - 'ries of to - day. An - gry words—oh, let them nev - er From the tongue un-bri-dled slip; May the heart's best im . pulse ev - er Check them ere they soil the lip!
3. Love is much too pure and ho - ly, Friendship is too sa - cred far, For a moment's reck - less fol - ly Thus to des - o - late and mar. An - gry words are light - ly spo - ken, Bitt - 'rest thoughts are rash-ly stirr'd; Bright - est links of life are bro - ken By a sin - gle an - gry word.

THE DYING CHILD.

Adagio.

Words and Music by JAS. LAWSON, Mallorytown, Ont., by per.

1. Come nearer to my bed, mother, Why sit you there and weep? Come sit down by my side, mo - ther, Before I go to sleep;
2. Then sit down by my side, mo - ther, And list to what I say; My voice is growing ve - ry weak, But still I want to pray;
3. Soon I must leave you, dearest mother, No more on earth to meet; But in the world of end-less bliss, We shall each other greet.
4. My bod-y in the grave may lie, And moulder with the clay, Whilst far above the star-ry sky, My spir - it soars a - way,
5. Good bye, dear mother, I must go, My Saviour bids me come; Farewell to all things here be - low, I see my heav'nly home.

Lentando.

I want to talk to you a - while, (Dear mother, do not cry,) Once more I want to see you smile, I think I'm going to die.
Then, mother, kiss me a good night, And if I wake no more, You'll know I'm with the angels bright, Safe on the golden shore.
The angels now are coming, mother, I see them in the room! They're waiting round my bed, mother, To take me to my home.

To join the heav'nly hosts a - bove, With them my voice to raise, And sing of Jesus' dying love, In sweetest songs of praise.
Hark! hear you not the music swell, In rapt'rous strains so sweet? Adieu to earth; dear friends, farewell. Till we in heav'n shall meet.

NOTE.—If the Tenor and the Bass are *sung*, the small notes must be used instead of the rests.

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we may see it a - far, For the
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove We will of - fer the tri - bute of praise, For the

Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwel - ling-place there.
spir - its shall sor - row no more—Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the

In the sweet by - and - by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, by - and - by, In the

sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

sweet by-and-by, In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.

JEWELS.

Moderato.

1st time. 2nd time. CHORUS.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth to make up His jew-els,
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own, } Like the stars of the mor-ning, His

bright crown a-dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

2. He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.—*Chorus.*

3. Little children, little children
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.—*Chorus.*

ASHTABULA.

Words by the late P. P. Bliss. Music by T. Jones.

Allegro

1. "I know not what a-waits me, God kind-ly veils mine eyes, And o'er each step on my on-ward way He
2. "One step I see be-fore me, 'Tis all I need to see; The light of hea-ven more bright-ly shines When
3. "O bliss-ful lack of wis-dom, 'Tis bles-sed not to know! He holds me with His own right hand, And
4. "So on I go, not know-ing, I would not if I might; I'd rath-er walk in the dark with God Than

Pia. *mf* *ff* CHORUS. *presto.*

makes new scenes a-rise; And ev-'ry joy He sends me comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
earth's il-lus-ions flee; And sweet-ly through the si-lence came His lov-ing 'Fol-low Me.'
will not let me go, And lulls my troub-led soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
go a-lone in the light: I'd rath-er walk by faith in Him, Than go a-lone by sight.

"Where He may *ff*

lead I'll fol-low, My trust in him re-pose, And ev-'ry hour in per-fect peace, I'll sing, 'He knows, He knows.'"

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KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

By permission of SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

ABBY HUTCHINSON.

1. Kind words can nev - er die, Cher - ish'd and blest; God knows how deep they lie, Stor'd in the breast;
2. Sweet thoughts can nev - er die, Though, like the flow'rs, Their bright - est hues may fly In win - try hours;
3. Our souls can nev - er die, Though in the tomb We may all have to lie, Wrap'd in its gloom.

rall. *tempo.*

Like child-hood's sim-ple rhymes, Said o'er a thou-sand times, Aye, in all years and climes, Dis - tant and near.
But when the gen - tle dew Gives them their charms anew, With many an ad - ded hue, They bloom a-gain.
What though the flesh de-cay, Souls pass in peace a - way, Live through e - ter - nal day, With Christ a-bove.

Kind words can nev - er die, nev - er die, nev - er die, Kind words can nev-er die, no, nev-er die.

ONWARD, STILL ONWARD.

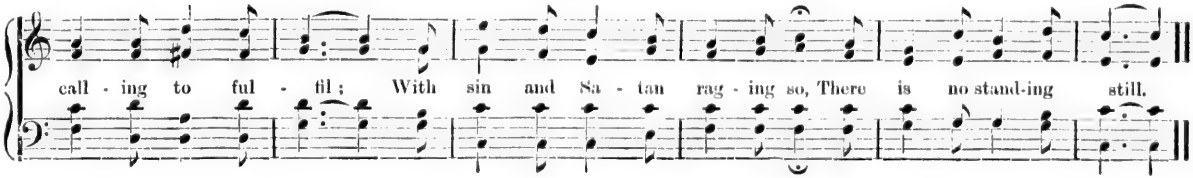
1. The morn - ing hours are few and fleet, The day is quick - ly done; With man - y du - ties in - com-plete, We
2. Still press - ing on where du - ty calls, Still keep - ing heav'n in view, We'll work for Je - sus, for we know There's
3. O God, di - rect each on - ward step, In - struct us ev - 'ry day, And give us strength and cour-age now To

reach the set - ting sun. But still our cour - age must not fail, Tho' tri - als cloud the way, For
al - ways work to do. We may not live to see the end Of la - bours we've be - gun; And
tread the nar - row way We praise Thee for the love that lights These hearts and homes of ours, And

CHORUS. *ff*

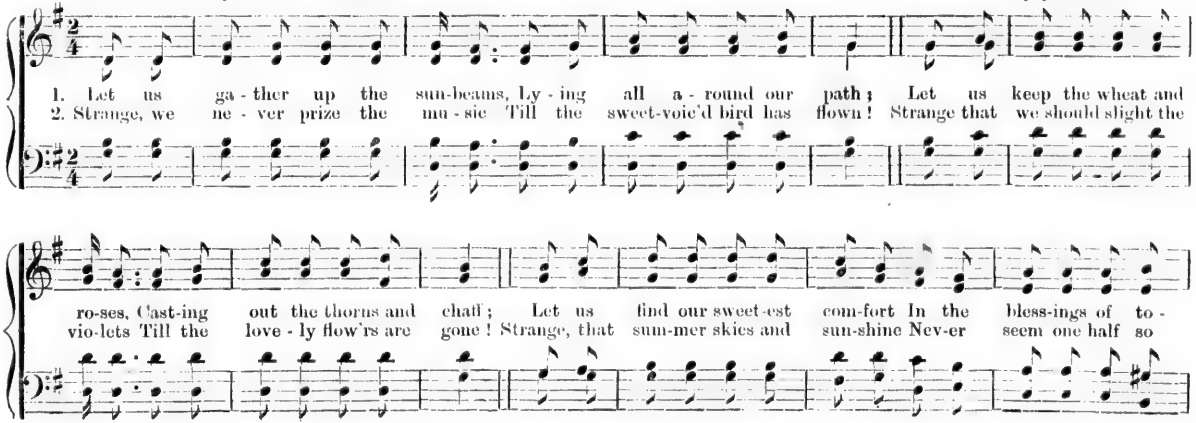
on to - mor - row we must join The work be - gun to - day.
ev - 'ry day the soul must grieve At some - thing left un - done.
bless Thee for the joy that crowns Our con - se - crat - ed hours.

'Tis on - ward, on - ward we must go, Our



SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Verses 3 and 4 by Dr. H. T. Leslie. By permission.



SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.—(*Concluded.*)

CHORUS.

day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way.
fair, As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air. } Then scat-ter seeds of

kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

3. If we knew but half the sorrow
That the poor have oft to bear,
How our hearts would yearn to help them,
Tho' their griefs we could not share;
And the broken-hearted mourners,
Who in silence pass us by,
Would be lightened of their burden
If they knew a friend was nigh.

4. Oh! there's many a way-worn wand'rer,
Whom the cold world treats with scorn,
Who has often wept in secret,
Wishing he had never been born;
Let us those remember daily,
In our pra[illegible] God on high,
While [illegible]r seeds of kindness,
For o[illegible]aping by and by.

HOW PLEASANT THUS TO MEET.

Words by J Dyson, Leeds, Eng. Music by Rev. J. Darwell.

1. How pleas - ant thus to meet In youth - ful joy - ous bands; With songs each o - ther greet, And join both hearts and hands. With flags un - furl'd, we meet this day, To sing and pray, God bless the world.

2. Our Un - ion will in - crease, And spread on ev - 'ry hand; So - bri - e - ty and peace Shall bless our fa - ther - land. For we are one, in Un - ion strong, We fight with wrong, and still go on.

3. How happy thus to live,
And bless mankind below;
Our life and talents give,
That virtue still may grow.
Tho' rough the way, our path shall shine
With light divine to perfect day.

4. From strength to strength may we
In Jesus' name proceed;
From every sin be free,
And in our work succeed.
Then, when we die, with angels bright,
In realms of light, find rest on high.

5. God bless us now, we pray;
Each school and teacher bless:
We thank Thee for this day;
Oh, give us great success!
May all at last Thy glory see,
And dwell with Thee when life is past.

KING ALCOHOL.

TRIO. ANON.

1. King Al - co - hol has man - y forms By which he catch - es men; He is a beast of
There's Rum, and Gin, and Beer, and Wine, And Brandy of log - wood hue; And Hock, and Port, and

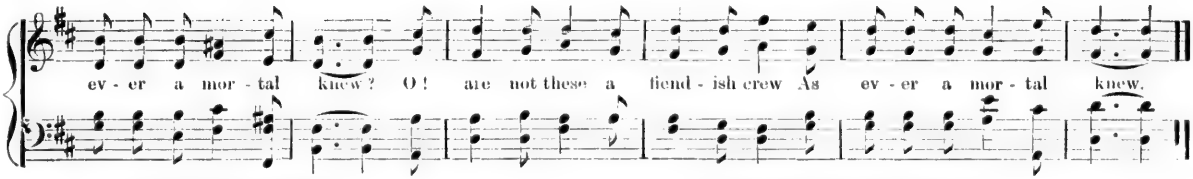
man - y horns, And ev - er thus has been.
Ale com-bine To make a man look blue.

CHORUS. be good and mer - ry, Sher - ry,
He says for here's And Tom

and FULL.

Jer - ry, Per - ry, spir-its of ev - 'ry hue; O! are not these a fiend - ish crew As
Cham - pagne And

KING ALCOHOL.—(*Concluded.*)

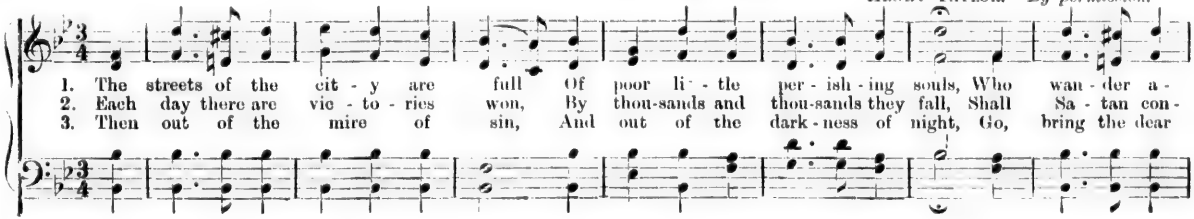


2. King Alcohol is very sly,
A liar from the first;
He makes men drink until they're dry,
Then drink because they thirst.
There's Rum, and Gin, and Beer, and Wine,
And Brandy of logwood hue;
And Hock, and Port, and Ale combine,
To make a man look blue.
Cho.—He says be merry, for here's good Sherry,
And Tom, and Jerry, Champagne and Perry,
And spirits of every hue;
O! are not these a fiendish crew,
As ever a mortal knew!

2. King Alcohol has had his day,
His kingdom's crumbling fast,
His votaries are heard to say,
Their drunken days are past.
Nor Rum, nor Gin, nor Beer, nor Wine,
Nor Brandy of logwood hue;
Nor Hock, nor Ale, nor British Wine,
Shall make them more look blue!
Cho.—For now they're merry without their Sherry,
Or Tom, or Jerry, Champagne or Perry,
Or spirits of every hue;
And now they are a happy crew,
As ever a mortal knew!

OUT OF THE MIRE.

HENRY TAYLOR. *By permission.*



OUT OF THE MIRE.—(*Concluded.*)

way from the light, In pla - ces that Sa - tan con-trols; They see not the snare at their feet, They
tin - ue his war, Un - til he has con-quer'd them all? No! no! with the ar - mour of God, His
lambs to the flock, And lead them up in - to the light. Their na - ture with ten - der - ness train, Their

know not the dan - ger they're in; Dear Sav - iour! can these be Thy lambs, So changed and dis - fig - ured by
darts you may safe - ly de - fy; And oh, you must seek for the lambs Where Sa - tan has left them to
wil - ful - ness strive to sub - due, Be pa - tient and ten - der with them, As Christ has been pa - tient with

CHORUS, *slower.*

sin?
die!
you.

Fam - ish - ing, per - ish - ing, ev - er - y day; Lambs of the flock, how they go a - stray!

1. May ev - 'ry year but draw more near The time when strife shall cease, When truth and love all hearts shall move, To live in joy and peace: Now sor-row reigns, and earth complains, For fol - ly still her cause maintains; But the day shall yet appear, When the might with the right and the truth shall be, And come what there may to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.

2. Though interest pleads that no - ble deeds The world will not re - gard, To no - ble minds, when du - ty binds, No sac - ri - fice is hard. In vain and long - en - dur-ing wrong, The weak have striv'n against the strong; But the day shall yet appear, When the might with the right and the truth shall be,

3. Let good men ne'er of truth des-pair, Tho' hum - ble ef-forts fail; Oh give not o'er un - til once more The righteous cause prevail. The brave and true may seem but few, But hope has bet - ter things in view; And the day shall yet appear, When the might with the right and the truth shall be,

THINK OF HEAVEN.

By permission. (Luke, x : 20.) Words and Music by JAS. LAWSON, Mallorytown, Ont.

1. Per - chance, while trav - 'ling thro' this "vale of tears," Dark clouds may o - ver - hang thee on thy way;
2. It may be that thy lot to thee may seem A hard one, full of griefs hard to be borne;
3. The tri - als which we all must suf - fer here, Are nought, com - pared with that e - ter - nal rest,
4. O may we all prove faith-ful to the grace Which Christ in us has rich - ly shed a - broad,

Yet heed them not, but drive a - way thy fears, - Dark nights can ne'er pre - vent the light of day.
But why des - pair? 'tis but a scar-ing dream, That, at the most, can last but till the morn.

Where, safe from ev - 'ry sor-row, ev - 'ry fear, The saints shall ev - er dwell a - mong the blest;
That we at last in peace may see His face, And dwell for - ev - er - more with Christ, our God.

How - ev - er dark the night 'twill pass a - way As sure - ly as the day-light fades at ev'n;
No mat - ter, then, what griefs may thee de-press, How - e'er by tem-pests toss'd or wild - ly driv'n,

For - ev - er more at rest, their joys un - brok'n, No lov - ing hearts are there a - sun - der riv'n,
May we im-prove the bles-sings we en - joy, The time and tal-ents which to us are giv'n;

Look, then, and thro' the dark - ness see the day; Think not of trou-bles here, but think of heav'n.
Des - pair can nev - er make thy sor - rows less; Then grieve not o - ver them, but think of heav'n.

No part - ing words of sad-ness ev-er spoken; Then think no more of earth, but think of heav'n.
Let things of earth no more our tho'ts em - ploy; But dai - ly feast on Christ, and think of heav'n.

MY NATIVE LAND.

Words by C. L. Balfour. Music by J. W. Holder, Hull, Eng.

1. My na-tive land, I love thee well, Though hum-ble be my lot, Yet
2. My na-tive land, thy sea - girt shore No for-eign foe in vades; But
3. My na-tive land, the day must come, Oh! that it might come now! When
4. My na-tive land, may age and youth U - nit - ed toil for this, The

ritard. *a tempo*

while fair free - dom deigns to dwell With - in my low - ly cot, I'll faith - ful
cus-tom's fet - ters gall thee sore, Sin makes a na-tion slaves. Then breth-ren
heart and voice in ev - 'ry home Shall ech o forth the vow— That ev - er
reign of wis - dom, peace and truth, And pure do-mes - tic bliss. Then breth-ren

ritard.

ad lib. CHORUS. *a tempo.*

to my coun - try prove, And from the drunk - ard's shame, With ar - dent pa - tri - ot - ic love We'll
faith - ful may we prove, And from the drunk - ard's shame, &c.,
faith - ful they will prove, And from the drunk - ard's shame, &c.,
may we faith - ful prove, And from the drunk - ard's shame, &c.,

ad lib. *a tempo.*

f *ff*

guard Brit - an - nia's name, We'll guard, we'll guard, we'll guard, We'll guard Brit - an - nia's name.

f *ff*

NO ONE CARES FOR ME.

Words and Music by THOMAS JARRATT.

1. Crouch-ing 'neath an arch lay a lit - tle child, Seek - ing shel - ter from the wind and rain; Borne up - on the blast,
2. Once it was not so— once a moth-er's love Shield-ed me from all the cares of life, But a year a - go
3. Fa - ther sends me forth on the streets to beg, Blows and curs - es greet me ev - 'ry day; Of - ten-times I sigh,
4. Once I heard it said in a Sab-bath School, Je - sus folds the child-ren to His breast; Sav-iour, pit - y me,

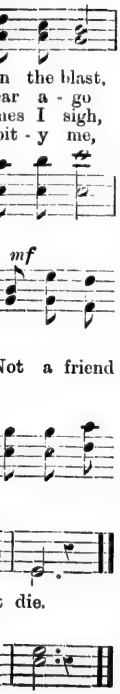
car - ried swift-ly past, Came a cry of bit - ter grief and pain.
sor - row laid her low, Mo-ther died a wretched drunkard's wife.
wish-ful but to die, And as-cend to mo-ther far a - way.
let me come to Thee, Where the weary ev - er are at rest.

CHORUS.

pp *mf*

No one cares for me, no one cares for me, Not a friend in all the world have I— None to soothe my fears, none to dry my tears, All a - lone in sor-row I must die.

dim.



THE BEAUTIFUL VALE.

1. My soul with rap - ture waits for thee, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! My home be - yond the roll - ing sea, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! I long to sing thy plea - sures o'er, The beau - ties of thy tran - quil shore, Where pain and sor - row come no more, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

2. Thy ra - diant fields and glow - ing skies, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Too pure and bright for mor - tal eyes, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Be - side the liv - ing stream that flows, The wea - ry heart shall find re-pose,—Thy pearl - y gates shall nev - er close, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

3. The joys of earth, how soon they fade! Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Like morn - ing dew or ev - 'ning shade, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest! Yet when we reach thy gold - en strand, Our gen - tle Sa - viour's pro - mis'd land, We'll sing with all the an - gel band, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!
Beau - ti - ful vale of rest, Beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

My soul with rap - ture longs for thee, O beau - ti - ful vale of rest!

ANGELS ARE WAITING.

Music by Thos. Jones, Hyde.

mf

1. They are wait - ing for our com - ing, An - gels on the oth - er shore; Wait - ing
2. They are wait - ing for the a - ged, Those who long the way have trod; Wait - ing

Pia

to re - ceive the ran - som'd, When the storms of life are o'er; Watch - ing at the
for the poor in spir - it, Rich in faith and love to God; For the young and

Forti

shin - ing por - tals Of our Fa - ther's man - sion fair; They will strike their harps of glo - ry,
val - iant sol - diers, Who have no - bly borne their part; For the self - de - ny - ing Chris - tian,

CHORUS. *ff*

They will bid us wel - come there: For the meek, the pure in heart. } They are wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, An - gels on the

ff

oth - er shore: Wait - ing to re - ceive the ran - som'd, When the storms of life are o'er.

3. They are waiting for the heralds
   Who in distant lands proclaim
Life eternal, free salvation,
   Through a dying Saviour's name.
Waiting for a silent mourner,
   For the weary and oppressed,
Who have borne their cross with patience,
   And are going home to rest.—They are, &c.

4. In the sunny vales of Eden,
   By the river clear and bright,
Where the tree of life is planted,
   And our faith is lost in sight,
We shall join the "Church triumphant,"
   Free from sorrow, toil and care;
Every tie again united,
   There will be no parting there.—They are, &c.

LILLIE OF THE SNOW-STORM.

1. To his home, his once white, once lov'd cot-tage, Late at night a poor in - e-briate came; To his wife, the
2. Far a - cross the prai - rie stood a dwell - ing, Where from harm they oft had found re - treat; Thith-er now, all

wait-ing wife and daugh - ter, Who for him had fann'd the mid-night flame: Rude-ly met, they an-swer'd him with
brave and un - com - plain - ing, Did they urge their wea - ry, way-worn feet: But their strength, un - e - qual to their

kind-ness—Gave him all their own un - tast - ed store; 'Twas but small, and he with aw - ful curs - es, Spurn'd the
cour - age, Fail'd them as they wan-der'd to and fro; Till, at last, the fee - ble, faint-ing moth - er, Speech-less

CHORUS.

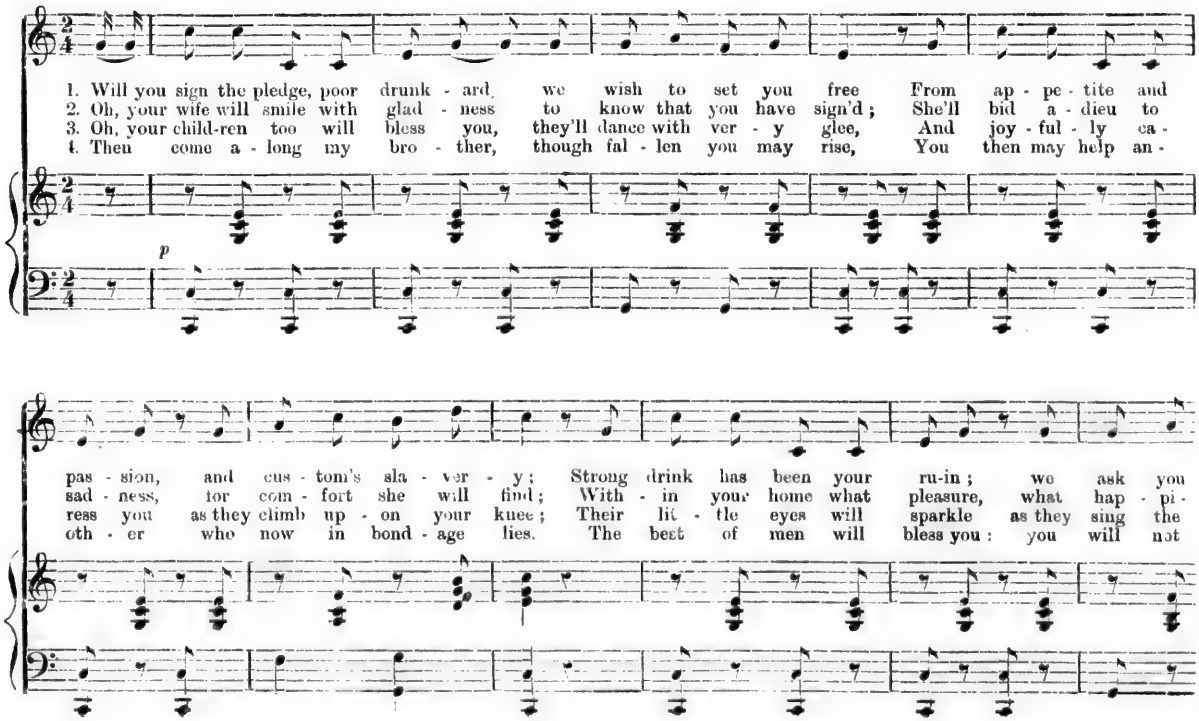
gift, and drove them from his door.
sank up - on the drift-ed snow.
While the storm, the wild, wild wintry tem - pest, Swept a - cross the prai-

ries cold and white, What a shame that Lil - lie and her moth - er Were a - broad on such a fear - ful night!

3. Lillie prays—the harps are hush'd in Heaven—
Angels poise them mid-way in the sky;
Up from earth there comes a wail of sorrow,
Such a wail as must be heard on High:
"Father dear! my other, better Father!
Won't you hear your daughter Lillie pray?
Won't you send some strong and careful angel
Who will help my mother on her way?"—*Chorus.*

4. Morning dawns—the husband and the father,
Sober'd now, to seek his flock has come;
Lillie dear is living, but her mother—
Hours ago, an angel bore her home:
Ah, poor man! how bitter is his anguish,
As he now repents his punish'd sin,
Bending o'er the child, who, half unconscious,
Sadly cries, "Please, father, let us in!"—*Chorus.*

THROW DOWN THE BOTTLE.



THROW DOWN THE BOTTLE.—(*Concluded.*)

CHORUS.

to ab - stain: Come throw down the bot - tle and nev - er drink a - gain.
ness will reign; Then throw down the bot - tle and nev - er drink a - gain.
joy - ous strain, We've thrown down the bot - tle, we'll nev - er drink a - gain.
live in vain, So throw down the bot - tle and nev - er drink a - gain.

Throw down the

Repeat Chorus.

bot - tle, Throw down the bot-tle, Throw down the bot - tle, and never drink a - gain.

NAIL IT DOWN.

1. John Lit - tle - john was staunch and strong, Up-right and down-right, scorn-ing wrong, He gave good weight and [illegible]
2. John Lit - tle - john main-tain'd the right, Thro' storm and shine, in the world's despite, When spe-cious men with words ex -
3. When told that events might jus - ti - fy A false and crook - ed pol - i - cy, That a de-cent hope of fu - ture

way, He thought for himself, and he said his say; When - ev - er a ras - cal strove to pass, In - stead of
pert. The hon - est truth would still per-vert, Or try by threats to gain their cause, E'en though they
good Might excuse de-part - ure from rec - ti - tude, That no - bles a - lone were fit to rule, That the poor

NAIL IT DOWN.—(*Concluded.*)

ad lib.

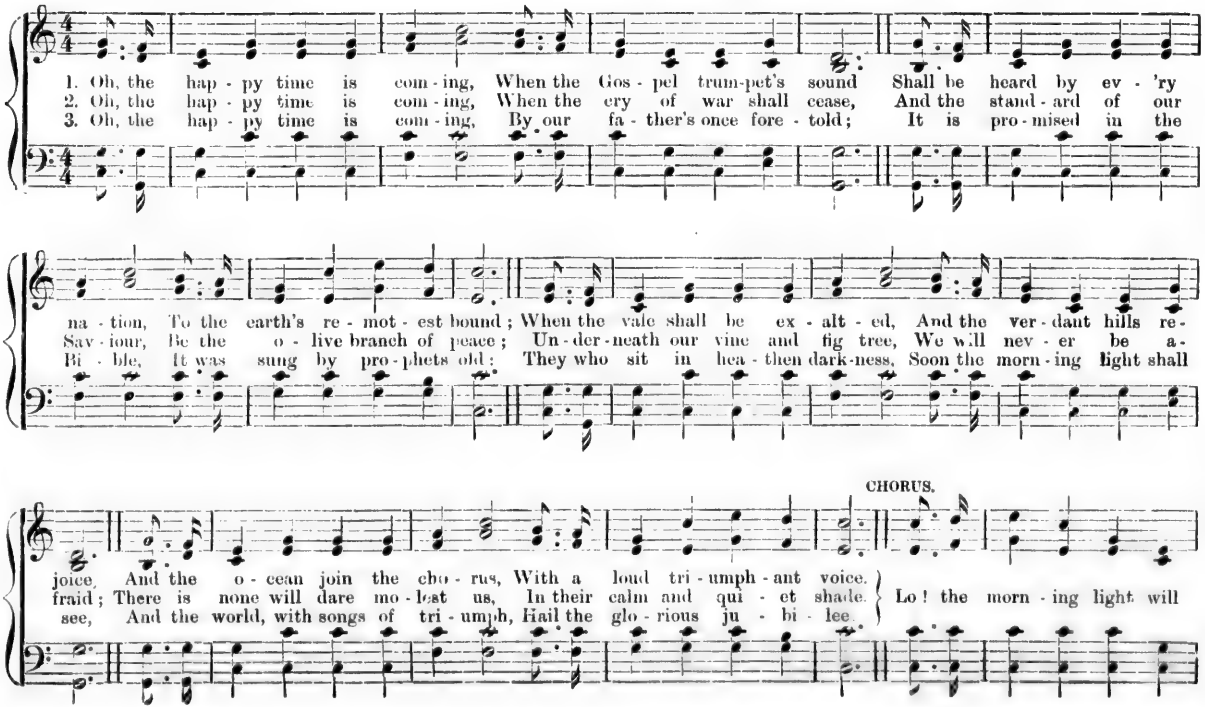
si' - ver, money of brass, He took his ham-mer, and said with a frown, "The coin is spu-rious— nail it down!"
should per - vert the laws, "Nay, nay," said John, with an ang - ry frown, "The coin is spu-rious— nail it down!"
were unimprov'd by school, "Nay, nay," said John, with an ang - ry frown, "The coin is spu-rious— nail it down!"

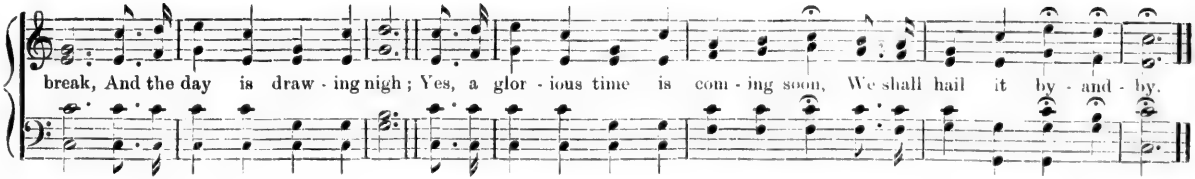
sf *colla voce* *f* *ff*

4. John Littlejohn could ne'er abide
To hear the poor man vilified,
When told that charity best was shown
In deeds the press would soon make known,
That rich and poor were all imbued,
By nature, with ingratitude,
"Nay, nay," said John, "you make me frown,
Your coin is spurious—nail it down!"

5. Whenever the world our eyes would blind
With false pretences of any kind,
With specious, vain philosophy,
Under the guise of policy,
With wrong dress'd up in the garb of right,
And darkness passing itself for light,
Let us imitate John, and say with a frown
"The coin is spurious—nail it down!"

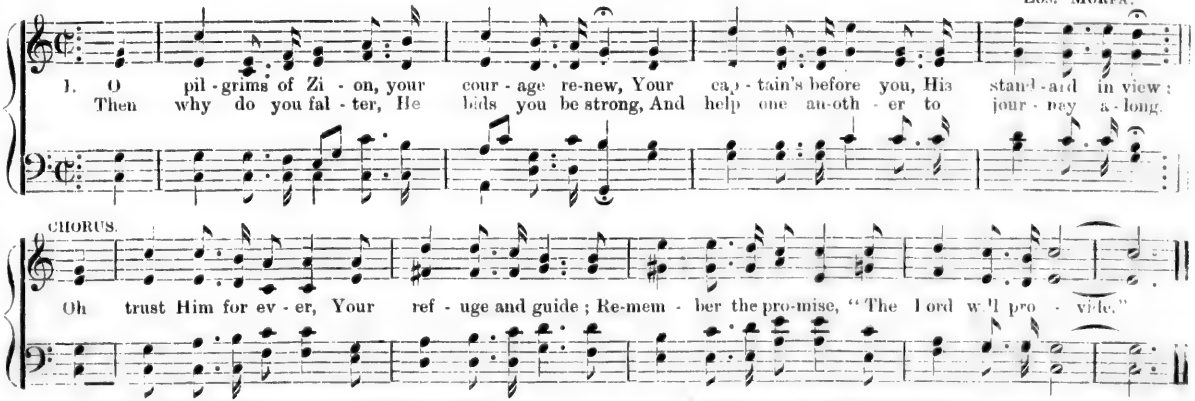
OH, THE HAPPY TIME IS COMING.





TRUST HIM FOR EVER.

Eos. Morfa.



2. The world may disown you, and Friends may forsake,
The night may be cheerless, but morning will break,
When burdened with sorrow, and longing for rest,
Temptation may follow, "'Tis all for the best;"
Oh trust Him for ever, your refuge and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

3. Behold in the valley the lilies so fair,
'Tis not from their labor, the beauty they wear;
If clothed by your Father, the grass that must die,
The wants of His children His hand will supply;
Then trust Him for ever, your refuge and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will provide."

ALL HAIL OUR TEMPERANCE LAWS.

Words by JOHN THOMPSON, Montreal, Que. Music by EOS. MORFA, Toronto, Ont.

1. Come let us tune our harps of gold, The love of tem-per - ance un-fold; Ex - alt her joys and chant her praise, An-oth - er drunkard's sav'd by grace. } Then glo - ry, glo - ry, let us

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

sing, And make this strain tri - um-phant ring:

All hail our tem - per-ance laws! All hail our tem - per-ance

All hail our tem - per-ance laws! All hail our tem - per-ance laws! All hail our tem - per-ance laws!

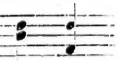
Hail! Hail!

laws! All hail our tem - per-ance laws! All hail! . . . . . All hail our tem - perance laws!

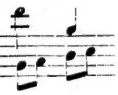
2. A drunkard wash'd from ev'ry stain!
Deserves a loud, harmonious strain;
Christ's precious blood has cleans'd from sin,
The spirit's seal is stamp'd within;
But Bacchus feels his pow'r is gone,
And reels like lightning from his throne.—All hail, &c.

3. Our cause has been by some contemn'd,
O'erlook'd, unknown, despis'd, condemn'd;
Our names traduc'd, our lives abhor'd,
We suffer with our murder'd Lord;
But while the flames ascend still high'r,
Our song we'll sing amidst the fire.—All hail, &c.

o, Ont.

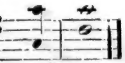


let us



em - per-ance

r-ance laws!



erance laws!

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